

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 45]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1805.

[WHOLE No. 149

FAMILY PRIDE, and PARENTAL CRUELTY.

Exemplified in the interesting History of Mons. and Madame du F—

(From Letters written in France in the Summer of 1790. By Miss Helen Maria Williams.)

ANTOINE Augustin Thomas du F—, eldest son of the Baron du F—, counsellor of the parliament of Normandy, was born on the fifteenth of July 1750. His early years were embittered by the severity of his father, who was of a disposition that preferred the exercise of domestic tyranny to the blessings of social happiness, and chose rather to be dreaded than beloved. The endearing name of father conveyed no transport to his heart, which, being wrapt up in stern insensibility, was cold even to the common feelings of nature.

The Baron's austerity was not indeed confined to his son, but extended to all his dependents. Formed by nature for the support of the antient government of France, he maintained his aristocratic rights with unrelenting severity, ruled his feudal tenures with a rod of iron, and considered the lower order of people as a set of beings whose existence was tolerated merely for the use of the

nobility. The poor, he believed, were only born for suffering; and he determined, as far as in him lay, not to deprive them of their natural inheritance. On the whole, if it were the great purpose of human life to be hated, perhaps no person ever attained that end more completely than the Baron du F—.

His son discovered early a taste for literature, and received an education suitable to his rank and fortune. As he advanced in life, the treatment he received from his father became more and more intolerable to him; as, far from inheriting the same character, he possessed the most amiable dispositions, and the most feeling heart.

His mother, feeble alike in mind and body, submitted with the helplessness, and almost with the thoughtlessness of a child, to the imperious will of her husband. Their family was increased by two more sons, and two daughters; but these children, being several years younger than Mons. du F—, were not of an age to afford him the consolations of friendship; and the young man would have found his situation intolerable, but for the sympathy of a person, in whose society every evil was forgotten.

This person, his attachment to whom has tinged the colour of his life, was the youngest of eight children, of a respectable family of Bourgeois at Rou-

en. There is great reason to believe that her father was descended from the younger branch of a noble family of the same name and bearing the same arms. But, unhappily, some links were wanting in this chain of honorable parentage. The claim to nobility could not be traced to the entire satisfaction of the baron, who, though he would have dispensed with any moral qualities in favor of rank, considered obscure birth as a radical stain, which could not be wiped off by all the virtues under heaven. He looked upon marriage as merely a convention of interest, and children as a property, of which it was reasonable for parents to make the most in their power.

The father of Madame Monique C— was a farmer, and died three months before the birth of this child; who with seven other children, was educated with the utmost care by their mother, a woman of sense and virtue, beloved by all to whom she was known. It seemed as if this respectable woman had, after the death of her husband, only supported life for the sake of her infant family, from whom she was snatched by death, the moment her maternal cares became no longer necessary; Monique, having at this period, just attained her twentieth year. Upon the death of her mother, Monique went to live with an aunt, with whom she remained only a very short time, being invited by Madame du F—, to whom she was well

known, to come and live with her as an humble companion, to read to her when she was disposed to listen, and to enliven the sullen grandeur of the chateau by her animating vivacity.

This young person had cultivated her excellent understanding by reading, and her heart stood in no need of cultivation, Mons. du F— found in the charms of her conversation, and in the sympathy of her friendship, the most soothing consolation under the rigor of parental tyranny. Living several years beneath the same roof, he had constant opportunities of observing her disposition and character; and the passion with which she at length inspired him, was founded on the lasting basis of esteem.

If it was ever pardonable to deviate from that law, in the code of interest and etiquette, which forbids the heart to listen to its best emotions; which, stifling every generous sentiment of pure disinterested attachment, sacrifices love at the shrine of avarice or ambition; the virtues of Monique were such as might excuse this deviation.— Yes, the character, the conduct of this amiable person, have nobly justified her lover's choice. How long might he have vainly sought, in the highest classes of society, a mind that endowed with the most exquisite sensibility, has had sufficient firmness to sustain, with a calm and equal spirit, every transition of fortune; the most severe trials of adversity, and perhaps, what is still more difficult to bear, the trial of high prosperity.

Mons. du F— had been taught by his early misfortunes, that domestic happiness was the first good of life.— He had already found, by experience, the insufficiency of rank and fortune to confer enjoyment; and he determined to seek it in the bosom of conjugal felicity. He determined to pass his life with her whose society now seemed essential, not only to his happiness, but to his very existence.

At the solemn hour of midnight, the young couple went to a church, where they were met by a priest whom Mons. du F— had made the confidant of his attachment, and by whom the marriage ceremony was performed.

Some time after, when the situation of his wife obliged Mons. du F— to ac-

knowledge their marriage to his mother, she assured her son that she would willingly consent to receive his wife, as her daughter, but for the dread of his father's resentment. Madame du F— with tears of regret, parted with Monique, whom she placed under the protection of her brothers: They conducted her to Caen, where she was soon after delivered of a son.

The baron du F— was absent while these things were passing: he had been suspected of being the author of a pamphlet, written against the princes of the blood, and an order was issued to seize his papers, and conduct him to the Bastille; but he found means to escape into Holland, where he remained nearly two years.

Having made his peace with the ministry, he prepared to come home; but before he returned, Mons. du F— received intelligence that his father, irritated almost to madness by the information of his marriage, was making application for a *lettre de cachet*, in order to confine his daughter-in-law for the rest of her life; and had also obtained power to have his son seized and imprisoned. Upon this Mons. du F— and his wife fled with precipitation to Geneva, leaving their infant at nurse at Caen. The Genevois seemed to think that the unfortunate situation of these strangers gave them a claim to all the offices of friendship. After an interval of many years, I have never heard Mons. or Madame du F— recal the kindness they received from that amiable people, without tears of tenderness and gratitude.

Meanwhile the baron having discovered the place of his son's retreat, obtained, in the name of the king, permission from the cantons of Berne and Friburg to arrest them at Lausanne whither they had retired for some months. The wife of Le Seigneur Baillif secretly gave the young people notice of this design, on the thirtieth of January 1775, they had just time to make their escape, with only a few livres in their pockets, and the clothes in which they were dressed.

Mons. du F— upon his first going to Switzerland, had lent thirty louis to a friend in distress. He now, in this moment of necessity desired to be repaid, and was promised the money within a month. In the mean time, he and

his wife wandered from town to town, without finding any place where they could remain in security. They had spent all their small stock of money, and were almost without clothes; but at the expiration of the appointed time, the thirty louis were paid, and with this fund, Mons. and Madame du F— determined to take shelter in the only country which could afford them a safe asylum from persecution; and immediately set off for England, travelling through Germany and part of Holland, to avoid passing through France.

They embarked at Rotterdam, and after a long and gloomy passage, arrived at London. A young man, who was their fellow passenger, had the charity to procure them a lodging in a garret, and directed them where to purchase a few ready made clothes. When they had remained in this lodging the time necessary for becoming parishioners, their banns were published in the Church of St. Anne, Westminster, where they were married by the curate of the parish. They then went to the chapel of the French ambassador, and were again married by his chaplain; after which Mons. du F— told me "*Les deux époux vinrent faire maigre chair a leur petite chambre*".

Mons. du F— endeavored to obtain a situation at a school, to teach the French language; but before such a situation could be found, his wife was delivered of a girl. Not having sufficient money to hire a nurse, he attended her himself. At this period they endured all the horrors of absolute want.— Unknown and unpitied, without help or support, in a foreign country, and in the depth of a severe winter, they almost perished with cold and hunger.— The unhappy mother lay stretched on the same bed with her new-born infant, who in vain implored her succor, want of food having dried up that source of nourishment.

The woman, at whose house they lodged, and whom they had for some weeks been unable to pay, after many threatenings, at length told them that they must depart the next morning.

To be continued.

* The new-married couple kept a fast in their little apartment.

(From the Norfolk Gazette.)

THE LAY CURATE.

* He said unto SARAI, his Wife—behold now I know that thou art a fair woman to look upon."

HE was a superannuated, uxorious fool—caught in the trammels of doating love—deceived by the blandishments of a wanton beauty—a willing subject to the caprices of an artful female, who exacted this gross flattery as the price of domestic quiet.—She was a true woman, and he knew not how to manage her. He knew not that by this sacrifice to her vanity, he only added another link to the chain by which he was already enslaved—another thong to the scourge with which she chastised him into subjection.—Such compliments might do well enough before marriage; but he had not been a—"

Softly my good friend, softly: your notions might apply very well to a modern husband, but you seem to be altogether ignorant of the character of the worthy Abram! He was not superannuated, nor was he uxorious: nor was he doating. He had but just entered upon his sixteenth lustre; and he lived to number one hundred and three-score and fifteen revolutions of the seasons. Nor was his wife a vain woman, who decked herself in meretricious ornaments to enflame the imagination of the lascivious! she was in all things in voluntary obedience to the will of her lord; even in matters which would have severely tested the complaisance of the most dutiful and best bred wife of the present age.

He was, indeed, a very different man from the husband of our time. He knew how to treat, with a just degree of respect, the tender and faithful partner of his bosom, who, without a sigh or murmur, accompanied his wandering footsteps, in defiance of all the toils, perils, and difficulties which he must have encountered, in his erratic search after that resting place, and that happiness promised by him who never deceives. He delighted in giving pleasure to her who was the source of so many joys to him. He loved to cheer by those delicate attentions which are never bestowed in vain, the spirits of her who was the support of his own fortitude. He knew the advantage of preserving the harmony of that mind, whose serenity could never be disturbed

without imparting its troubles to his own breast. He knew that it was his duty to love and cherish her as his wife, but he wished also to convince her that his taste could still do justice to her attraction as a woman.

Benevolent, prudent, and happy man!—methinks thou art this moment before mine eyes!—who can behold thy situation with indifference!

Reader, conceive that thou now seest the little family of the patriarch.—He had led them over a vast territory, from his native Haran, through Canaan, even to the distant borders of Egypt: yet were not their peregrinations at an end.

Suppose them to be assembled round a frugal meal, such as travellers are often obliged to be contented with, recounting the hardships they had past, and conjecturing the pleasures that were to come.

As the faithful memory of Abram recalled in succession every instance in which the resolution of his hearts companion had even excelled a masculine exertion, every instance in which the constancy of her mind had been proved by the vicissitudes of their condition, could he be otherwise than fond and grateful!—While with such feelings, and with the eyes of an ardent lover, he contemplated the full bloom of that beauty whose early buds had captivated his affections, was it not natural for him to think that their effect upon others, in the luxurious nation into which she was about to enter, would be the same as upon himself!

Reader if thy breast has ever felt the delicious throbbings of a chaste and delicate passion, thy own experience will tell thee what were at that moment his sensations; but if thou art yet a stranger to the thrilling anxieties of love, it would be in vain that I essayed to make thee feel the sentiments of Abram.—Perhaps at that moment his fancy beheld her torn from him and polluted by the brutal force of a plebeian!—perhaps commanded to receive the embraces of some lordly villain!—the picture spreads itself before him: the tear of sensibility suffuses and adds a brilliancy to his eye: he presses with his own hand of a lovely friend: and while he gazes on her charms with trembling admiration, he expresses all that passes

in his soul by one simple, natural, and delicate compliment—"behold, now I know thou art a fair woman to look upon."

From those we respect, esteem, or love, the slightest word of approbation, praise or flattery, imparts an universal thrill of pleasure to the nerves, and sinks with a deep impression on the heart.—This pleasure will always be in proportion to the necessity we are under of obtaining or preserving the good opinion of those from whom it proceeds.—Such is the situation of every woman, who from motives of affection, has been prevailed upon to encounter the imminent hazard of bestowing upon man the inestimable privilege of making her happy or miserable. To receive from him who is the depository of her joys, those soft attentions which bespeak the lover, as well as the friend and husband, is certainly to her the most supreme of earthly felicities. What man possessed of sympathy, would not feel himself transported beyond vulgar thoughts when he sees the eyes of a wife sparkle with that intelligence which must have beamed from the soul of Sarai, when the tongue of him she most revered pronounced that praise so grateful to a female—"behold, now I know that thou art a fair woman!"

Take the general character of females, freed from particular exceptions, it is open, candid, generous, charitable, susceptible, and just. Domestic habits preserve them from a participation in the chicane, suspicion, deception, dissipation, and hard-heartedness, which man acquires by his free intercourse with man. The want of what is called knowledge of the world, preserves them from many of its vices; and is at the same time a strong palliative of a weakness which they frequently exhibit, that of fretting at trifling occurrences; a weakness which the prudent man attributes to its proper cause, and passes over with a compassionate unobservance.

It is consistent with the designs of unerring wisdom, that with the excellencies of the best constitution, should be connected some of the blemishes of humanity. He that looks for pure perfection in her whom he has chosen as a companion for life, must find himself deceived, but should recollect that he is his own deceiver. If the intimacy which ensues their union, should gradually develop those unfavorable traits which the most distant and cautious

aspect of courtship had concealed, he ought to reflect that perhaps the falling of his own temper and disposition are, in a great degree, the means of calling them from their lurking place into action. His first duty, therefore, is to subject himself to severe scrutiny; and resolutely to apply a corrective to the cause, before he attempts to overcome the effect.

In most instances the character of a wife is whatever the plastic care of a husband shall chuse to make it. If he is prudent, sensible, and discerning, he will endeavor by gentle applications to correct any original distemper which may injure the design he has in view; when that is gone, it is easy to give to the disposition the proper and desirable bias. This is only to be effected by tenderness and example. If he loves, he cannot be harsh, if his admonitions are accompanied by the demonstrations of true affection, they never can be disregarded. Above all there should be no reserve between equals, whose interests are so closely interwoven, there should be no mystery: from a wife there should be no concealments. Every thing that betrays a want of confidence, conveys to the mind of her who has a right to demand it, the sad idea that she is deemed unworthy. Beware of that—there is no affection so strong as to brook any thing in the most distant degree approaching to contempt. Deny not, therefore, ye who wish to be happy, deny not your wives a full participation in your every pleasure, nor even refuse to partake with them your cares. We love those most who deem us worthy to share their sorrows; omit nothing, then, that convinces her that she is, indeed, the partner of your breast.

Already has this interesting topic drawn me beyond the limits prescribed to each of my discourses. I hope I may be pardoned. I shall not now detain the indulgent reader, by enumerating the various methods chosen by the husbands we hourly converse with, to prove themselves very different men from the wise and affectionate Abram. Hereafter I may perhaps offer some examples, where an early regard to the lesson taught by the patriarch might have averted the misery of many years. At present I shall only offer a few reflections, which may not be novel, but they are true, and derived from experience.

(To be concluded in our next.)

EVELINA.

(As translated from the Irish.)

The following beautiful Sonnet is said to have been written some time in the Twelfth Century, by a bard of the Deary's Country, now part of the county of WATERFORD, and translated, as Mr. FAWCETT LEECH, JUN. informs us, by a gentleman skilled in the Language and Antiquities of the Country. It is to be regretted, that no cotemporary Bard has given the Author's name to fame.

IT was on the white hawthorn, on the brow of the valley, I saw the rising of day first break, the young, the soft, the gay delightful morning; it kissed the crimson of the rose, mixed with her smiles, and laughed the season on us.

Rise my Evelina; soul that informs my heart! Do thou rise, too, more lovely than the morn in her blushes, more modest than the ruffled rose weeping in her dews, pride of the western shores!

The sky's blue face, when cleared by dancing sun-beams, looks not serenest than thy countenance: the richness of the wild honey is on thy lip, and thy breath exhales sweet like the apple blossom; black are thy locks, Evelina, and polished as the raven's smooth pinions, the swan's silver plumage is not fairer than thy neck,—and the witch of love heaves all her enchantments from thy bosom.

Rise, my Evelina, the sprightly beam of the sun descends to kiss thee, without enmity to me, and the heath reserves its blossoms to greet thee with its odors! thy timid lover will pluck the strawberries from the awful lofty crag, and rob the hazel of its auburn pride, the sweetness of whose kernel thou far exceedest; let my berries be as red as thy lips, and my nuts ripe, yet milky as the love-begotten fluid in the bridal bosom.

Queen of the cheetful smile! shall I not meet the moss-grown cave, and press to my heart thy beauties in the wood of Iniscother? How long wilt thou leave me, Evelina, mournful as the lone son of the rock; telling thy beauties to the passing gale, and pouring out my complaints to the grey stone of the valley?

Al! dost thou not hear my songs, O virgin! thou, who shouldest be the tender daughter of a meek-ey'd mother!

Whenever thou comest, Evelina, thou approachest like summer to the children of frost; and welcome with rapture art thy steps to my view, as the harbinger of light to the eye of darkness.

ON
THE USE OF ARDENT SPIRITS.
By Dr. RUSK

I SHALL now take notice of the occasions and circumstances which are supposed to render the use of ardent spirits necessary, and endeavor to show that the arguments in favor of their use in such cases, are founded in error, and that in each of them ardent spirits, instead of affording strength to the body, increase the evils they are intended to relieve.

1. *They are said to be necessary in very cold weather.*—This is far from being true; for the temporary warmth they produce, is always succeeded by a greater disposition in the body to be affected by cold. Warm dresses, a plentiful meal just before exposure to the cold, and eating occasionally a little cordial food, is a much more durable method of preserving the heat of the body in cold weather.

2. *They are said to be necessary in very warm weather.*—Experience proves that they increase, instead of lessening the effects of heat upon the body, and thereby dispose to diseases of all kinds. Even in the West-Indies, Dr. Bell asserts this to be true. "Rum" says this author, whether used habitually, moderately, or in excessive quantities, in the West-Indies, always diminishes the strength of the body, and renders men more susceptible of disease, and unfit for any service in which vigor or activity is required. As well might we throw oil into a house, the roof of which was on fire, in order to prevent the flames from extending to its inside, as pour ardent spirits into the stomach, to lessen the effects of a hot sun upon the skin.

3. *Nor do ardent spirits lessen the effects of hard labor upon the body.*—Look at the horse; with every muscle of his body swelled from morning until night in the plough or a team—does he make signs for a draught of toddy, or a glass of spirits, to enable him to cleave the

ground, or to climb a hill? No! he requires nothing but cool water and substantial food. There is no nourishment in ardent spirits. The strength they produce in labor is of a transient nature, and is always followed by a sense of weakness and fatigue.

But are there no conditions of the human body, in which ardent spirits may be given? I answer, there are.—1st. When the body has been suddenly exhausted of its strength, and a disposition to faintness has been induced. Here a few spoonfuls or a wine-glass of spirits, with or without water, may be administered with safety and advantage. In this case we comply strictly with the advice of Solomon, who restricts the use of "strong drink" (only to him who is ready to perish).—2dly. When the body has been exposed for a long time to wet weather, more especially if it be combined with cold: Here a moderate quantity of spirits is not only safe, but highly proper to obviate debility, and to prevent a fever. They will more certainly have these salutary effects, if the feet are at the same time bathed with them, or a half a pint of them poured into the shoes or boots. These, I believe, are the only two cases in which distilled spirits are useful or necessary to persons in health.

HUMOR.

OUR ladies have of late thrown aside the tucker, and exposed in its primitive nakedness that gentle swelling of the breast which it was used to conceal. I observed as I was sitting, the other day, by a famous she visitant at my Lady Lizard's; when accidentally, as I was looking upon her face, letting my sight fall into her bosom, I was surprised with beauties which I never before discovered, and do not know where my eye would have run, if I had not immediately checked it. The lady herself could not forbear blushing, when she observed by my looks that she had made her neck too beautiful and glaring an object, even for a man of my character and gravity. I could scarce forbear making use of my hand to cover so unseemly a sight.

A SWEAT FOR A SWEAT.

A Physician had a skeleton so fix'd, that on entering the room a spring was touch'd, when, in an instant it grasped the person entering. An Irishman (a stranger) called on the doctor for some medical aid, and was shown into the room where the skeleton was—it seized him in a moment—Oh, Honey!! he up with his fist to defend himself; but to his great astonishment he saw the ghastly figure disengaging itself, when he flew from the house like lightning. A few days after, meeting the doctor, (who might be called a walking skeleton) coming out of his house,—"Ah, my honey—are you there! do you think I don't know you, with your clothes on? (he seized the doctor by the throttle, and bestowing a few hearty whacks)—take that for the sweat you gave me the other day.

THE UNHAPPY MISTAKE, OR SILENCE NOT WISDOM.

SO common is the desire to have a Quiet, Humble Fool for a wife, that a gentleman in the country, a learned doctor of the laws, who had studied books more than the human heart, imagined that he wanted a wife: but then he must have one that would not talk much.

Accordingly he looked out for a stupid and ignorant woman, because he laid it down as an uncontrovertable maxim, that a sensible, well informed woman, would necessarily talk him to death. Having examined for some time his various female acquaintances, he at length pitched upon the youngest daughter out of five of a neighboring gentleman. This girl was seldom or ever heard to utter a single syllable, but sat in solemn silence during the whole time that all her family, that is, her mother and her eldest sisters, who were supposed to have a great deal more sense than her, were talking away with all their might.

The good doctor, intimated to the mother, that he wished to have her daughter Nancy as his wife. The mother was not sorry to hear this; for she had a large family and could not give them much fortune; wherefore, she at once told the profound suitor, that he should have Nancy. She immediately apprised the girl of the intended man-cuvre and without more ado, this hap-

py couple were united in the bonds of wedlock.

The bridegroom had not been married a full week, before he went with a doleful face of complaint to the mother, setting forth that her daughter's tongue was never at rest, excepting the few hours in the twenty-four when she slept, and begged earnestly to know what could be done; for that he was prevented from studying, from thinking, in a word, from doing any single thing which might procure him ease or comfort, and that he verily believed he should shortly be killed by his wife's confounded clack.

The mother, who was a prudent woman, replied, "My dear doctor, your good sense and great learning should have pointed out all this to you. My daughter Nancy is a very weak and ignorant girl, and therefore will naturally talk when she has an opportunity, for those who think least, generally talk the most. But while she was at home, her eldest sisters and I, well knowing that if she ever opened her mouth, nothing but nonsense and childish folly would come out of it, always gave her a strict charge to be silent until she was married.—The girl therefore is not to blame: she cannot, owing to her dullness and ignorance, be expected to be able to derive any comfort from silence, because only those who can think, that is, those who have cultivated minds, can enjoy silence; and she has been forced to hold her tongue so long, she is in the right now she has a fair opportunity, to make all the use of it she can.

"Depend upon it, sir, a foolish and an ignorant woman is never quiet if she can help it; and as she knows nothing she must talk nonsense. And this is so obvious I wonder learned men have never yet found it out. We women know very well, that in proportion as our minds are cultivated, we have resources in ourselves, and can enjoy silence; but when we know nothing and have nothing to say, we must always be talking. Had you not chosen to yourself, and pitched upon the weakest and most silly of all my daughters, but had you told me that you wanted a companion for life, and asked me which of the girls was the most likely to render a man happy and respectable, I would have told you at once, that my second daughter, Betsey, was the woman, because she has the most sense.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, August 10, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the death of 68 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of whom 14 were men—12 women—25 boys—and 17 girls.

CONSUMPTION 10—flux 18—fever typhus 1—Dysentery 1—epilepsy 1 fever inflammatory 1—fever bilious 1 jaundice 1—inflammation of the bowels 1 Intemperance 1—old age 1—sudden death 1—suicide by opium 1—teething 1—burnt 1—bursting a blood vessel 1—casualties 2 [Two men killed; one from being thrown from a chaise, the other by falling from a scaffold.] Cholera morbus 2—convulsions 4—debility 2—dropsy 3—drowned 3—hives 2—inflammation of the lungs 2—sprue 3—and 2 of worms.

Of whom 22 were of and under the age of one year—12 between 1 and 2—4 between 2 and 5—2 between 5 and 10—2 between 10 and 20—5 between 20 and 30—9 between 30 and 40—6 between 40 and 50—2 between 50 and 60—3 between 60 and 70—1 between 70 and 80.

The body of an infant, apparently not more than a month old, was taken out of the river at the south side of Coenties-slip, Monday morning. A bandage was wrapped round its body and its mouth, supposed to have been done for the purpose of sinking it, by its unnatural mother.

Mr. Jerome Buonaparte is arrived at Genoa, and occupied, on the 14th of May, a part of the palace of the Minister Plenipotentiary, Mr. Salicetti.

Paris Argus.

Mary Atkinson, the wife of JAMES ATKINSON, being on Saturday se'n-night detected stealing some thread from the thread manufactory of Mr. M. Maud, of Shaw Mill, went home and cut

the throat of her youngest child, so as to cause its death, and afterwards cut her own, but is now likely to recover. She is expected to be committed to the Castle next week. She nearly severed the head from the body of the child,

Lon. Pap.

SUICIDE.

A few days since, Mrs. Arms, of Charlestown, (N. H.) put a period to her existence by hanging herself; verdict of the jury of inquest, *insanity*. In Pawlet by laudanum, Mr. Benjamin Sage, of Granville, N. Y. aged about thirty. Having suffered himself to be guilty of perjury by swearing falsely to an account, of 40 dolls. against a neighbor whom he owed a grudge, he confessed the fact, and the horrors of a condemning conscience hurried him to commit the desperate act.

(From the London Traveller.)

THEATRICAL PRODIGES.

An accurate list of all the infant prodigies of the Dramatic Art, as they appear at present before the public.

As the Ladies in Lilliput were as tenacious of etiquette as the fair sex in general, we shall begin our catalogue with the female prodigies, as we are afraid, since the world seems to be in its second infancy, that some Infant Satirist, some young Horace, or some baby Juvenal, might start up to lash our want of gallantry.

Miss Freron, the Infant Billington, only 8 years of age, possessing the most surprizing power of lungs.

Miss Lee Sugg, aged 7, the Infant Billington and Roscius.

Miss Saunders, the Infant Columbine.

Master William Henry West Betty, aged 13, called exclusively the Young Roscius.

The Ormskirk Roscius, aged 13; a young gentleman, who, in imitation of the philosophers of antiquity, chuses to be called by the name of the town most celebrated for exertions of talent.

Master Mori, the Young Orpheus, about 8 years of age. As this little gentleman is really deserving of his title, and can imitate the surprizing powers of the great musician of Thrace, we would recommend him to the Managers of Drury-Lane Theatre; probably, his fiddle might help to finish that part of their structure which has for a long time presented so uncomfortable a nakedness.

Master Byrne, aged 9, the infant Vestris, a very fascinating little fellow.

Master Saunders, aged fourteen, the Infant Clown.

The Comic Roscius, aged 15.—We have not learnt the name of this youngster, who with same conception of broad humor, has no doubt attracted much notice by the confident vulgarity of his look and manner, and by his bel-lowsings in alt, which are the best calculated "to split the ears of the groundlings" of any noises we ever heard. It is said, that his appearance at the Haymarket in the coming season is very probable. If the managers of the Little Theatre can get up the play of the *Confederacy* we have no doubt of shining in Brass.

We have heard of an Infant Candle-snuffer, who undertakes to trim all lights on the stage at one pinch of his finger and thumb; and of an infant D' Egville, who will dance a hornpipe with Mr. Stephen Kemble on his shoulders; but as we have not received particulars, we do not venture to give these *important* reports to the public as matters of fact.

Belger, the fellow who so wantonly shot his neighbor Flahavan, and for whom a reward of two hundred Dollars is offered by the Mayor, was on Wednesday last taken up in Lower Darby township, and yesterday morning committed to jail. Flahavan, we understand is likely to recover.

Schiller, the celebrated German writer of the History of the thirty years war, the Robbers, Wallenstein, Don Carlos, and many other theatrical pieces, departed this life on the 9th May last, at Weimar.



MARRIED.

On Thursday evening last week, Mr. Francis Huguet, merchant of this city, to Miss Sophia Le Breton, daughter of Joseph Le Breton, esq.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. John Shute, to Miss Hannah Sackett, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Francis Glass, to Miss Charlotte Brevoort, both of this city.

DIED.

On Thursday evening last week, aged 46, after a distressing illness, Mrs. Graham, wife of Mr. Robert Graham, of this city.

Same evening in the 19th year of her age, Mrs. Ellen Purvis, wife of Mr. Wm. Purvis.

In Harrisburg, (Penn.) in the 44th year of his age, Gen. John Andre Hanna, a member of congress.

On Friday evening last week, Mr. Thomas Megarey, of this city.

On Friday last week, Mr. Valentine Arnold, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city, aged 72.

On Sunday last after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Alethea Sickels, wife of John H. Sickels.

Lately at St. Thomas, Mr. Zephaniah C. Platt, of the house of Kane & Platt, merchants of this city.

On the 3d instant, at Bloomingdale, Elizabeth Evans, wife of Henry Evans, both natives of Great Britain.

On Tuesday, of an apoplectic fit, Mrs. O'Hare.

A short time since, the notorious Scotch Moggy, alias Wheeler, alias Barnsley. This character was universally admitted by the Police Officers to be the most expert pickpocket in England. There was scarcely a fair or race, between Berwick upon Tweed and the Land's End, where she had not exercised her professional abilities. She originally came from Scotland, and married one of the notorious Wheelers, with whom she lived some years. On the arrival of another notorious pickpocket

from Botany Bay, of the name of Barnsley, she took a great fancy to him, and left her husband. With him she practised picking pockets for several years, both in town and country. Although in person rather delicate, it was no unusual thing to see her on Lord Mayor's Day, and other public occasions, in the greatest crowd, in conspiracy with the notorious gang of hustlers who have for so many years infested the Metropolis. She generally dressed in a very genteel style. About seven years ago she was at bath, committing her depredations, and at one of the churches received the Sacrament; at the same time the Mayoress of Bath happened to be one of the Communicants, Moggy observed her to have a very valuable gold watch, contrived to rob her of it before the conclusion of the solemn ordinance. She had several children, whom she kept at boarding-school. Notwithstanding she had been several times tried on capital charges, she was always fortunate enough to escape punishment.

At Ulster County, (King) on Saturday morning last, Mr. Henry Slegt, late sheriff of that county.

At Newport, in the 62d year of his age, after a long indisposition, the Hon. Paul Mumford, esq. Lieutenant Governor of Rhode-Island.

Don Joseph Wiseman, his Catholic Majesty's Vice-Consul for the state of Rhode Island, &c. after an illness of several weeks, aged 49 years.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And on sale by J. HEWITT,

At his Musical Repository No. 59 Maiden Lane,

WHAT WANTS ME.

Sung with great applause by MISS DELINGER.

JUST LIKE LOVE.

Sung with great applause by Mr. HODGKINSON.

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM.

AH! FATAL WAS THE MORNING.

THE MAID OF THE MEAD,

THE BABY'S HUSH-A-BYE.

Scales, Weights, & Measures.

ABRAHAM CARGILL,
PUBLIC SEALER OF WEIGHTS, MEASURES, SCALE BEAMS, & YARDS.
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Four doors West of Peck Slip;

Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Copper, Brass, Sheet and Iron, Ware; and keeps on hand, a general assortment of Scales, Weights, and Measures, with a variety of Japan'd Pewter and Hollow Ware.

N. B. Weights and Measures Adjusted and Sealed at the shortest notice.

W. S. TURNER,

Inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15, PARK, to No. 71 Nassau-street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fills ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respect ive houses, or he may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau St. where may be had his ANTISCOR BUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE.

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York.
Price, One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 438 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse No. 26 Bowery Lane.

EURIPIDES' MEDEA.



ELEGY,

PARTLY IMITATED FROM TIBULLUS.

LATE as in balmy sleep reclin'd I lay,
Maria's image rose before my view;
Such, and so fair, as on the fatal day
We bade a long, and ah! a last adieu.

I stretch'd my hands to clasp the long lost maid:
What tender things my tongue attempts to say!
But swift as winds, or as the fleeting shade,
The unsubstantial vision fades away.

Hard was the wretch who first, with steely heart,
Burst the soft bands by sweet affection ty'd;
From the fond maiden forc'd the youth to part,
Or from her lover tore the weeping bride.

And hard the heart that such enormous woe
Can bear with calm serenity, unmov'd;
Which loathes not life and all its empty show,
Depriv'd forever of the maid it lov'd.

Not such the temper of this aching breast,
Which soon shall burst beneath the cruel blow;
Wearied with life, I gladly sink to rest,
Where sighs shall cease to heave, and tears to flow.

When pale extended on the funeral bier,
Thy faithful lover's clay-cold corpse is laid;
Wilt thou Maria, drop the tender tear?
That tender tear shall soothe my plaintive shade!

I ask no marble urn, no sculptur'd stone,
To teach posterity my hapless name;
A hillock green, with moss and flow'rs o'ergrown,
Is all befits a humble youth to claim.

Plant the sad willow o'er my turf-clad grave,
Fit emblem of the lovers piteous tale:
The mournful tree its bending boughs shall wave,
And sigh responsive to the passing gale.

And oft as near the hallowed ground they pass,
The village youth their wandering steps shall stay;
And pointing to the long-neglected grass
That shades my humble grave shall sighing say,

"Beneath that tree a hapless youth is laid,
(The mouldering heap is scarcely now descried)
Who lov'd with fondest truth a blameless maid,
Was disappointed; sicken'd, droop'd and died."

[The following most beautiful Verses on Music, are so expressive of the general sense of its powers and use, that we offer them to our readers, because an inferior imitation of the original, has been printed in Murphy's Edition of the Author's Works:—]

THE rites deriv'd from ancient days
With thoughtless reverence we praise;
The rites that taught us to combine
The joys of Music and of Wine:
And bade the feast, and song, and bowl,
O'erfill the saturated soul;
But ne'er the Flute or Lyre apply'd
To cheer Despair or soften Pride;
Nor call'd them to the gloomy cells,
Where *Woe* repines, and *Vengeance* swells;
Where *Hate* sits musing to betray,
And *Murder* meditates his prey.
To dens of Guilt and shades of Care,
Ye Sons of *Melody* repair,
Nor deign the festive dome to cloy
With superfluities of joy.
Ah! little needs the Minstrel's pow'r,
To speed the light convivial hour:
The board with varied plenty crown'd
May spare the luxuries of sound.

CANZON.

FROM CAMOENS.

WHY should I indiscreetly tell
The name my heart has kept so well!
Why to the senseless croud proclaim
For whom ascends my bosom-flame.
Alas! there are but very few
Who feel as I forever do
And hear, with shrinking sense of pain,
Holy words from lips profane.
For she is holy in my sight
As are the seraph forms of light;
And that blest name denotes what'er
Of good there be—or chaste—or fear.
Of her in time of heaviest woe,
I think, and tears forget to flow;
Of her in passion's fervid dreams,
And rapture's self the sweeter seems.
And shall the name, whose magic pow'r
Throws light on every passing hour,
Shall it, a word of usage grown,
By every heartless fool be known?
No, let it, shrined within my breast,
A little saint, forever rest;
With pious ardors worshipp'd there,
Yet never mention'd but in prayer.

EPIGRAM on an EPIGRAM.

The qualities all in a bee that we meet
In an epigram never should fail,
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be felt in its tail.



N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine White Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 6s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

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